



Hours That Stand Apart



By

J. S. WOODSWORTH

The Reformer

A REFORMER is one who sets forth cheerfully toward sure defeat. His serene persistence against stone walls invites derision from those who have never been touched by his religion, and do not know what fun it is. He never seems victorious, for if he were visibly winning, he would forthwith cease to be dubbed "Reformer." It is his peculiar function to embrace the hopeless cause when it can win no other friends, and when its obvious futility repels that thick-necked, practical, timorous type of citizen to whom the outward appearance of success is so dear. Yet, in time, the reformer's little movement becomes respectable, and his little minority proves that it can grow, and presently the statesman joins it and takes all the credit, cheerfully handed to him by the reformer as a bribe for his support. And then comes the politician, rushing grandly to the succor of the victor. And all the crowd! The original reformer is lost in the shuffle, then, but he doesn't care. For as the great band-wagon which he started goes thundering past with trumpets, the crowd in the intoxication of triumph leans over to jeer at him—a forlorn and lonely crank, confidently mustering a pitiful little odd-lot of followers along the roadside, and setting them marching, while over their heads he lifts the curious banner of a new crusade!

—Richard S. Childs.





Many thanks
Yours sincerely
J. Woodsworth

Hours That Stand Apart

By

J. S. WOODSWORTH

True it is that I have climbed the hills and walked
in remote places:
How could I have seen you save from a great height
or a great distance?
How can one be indeed near unless he be far?

—Gibran

PS8545

072

A16

1925

Contents

	Page
Foreword	3
Eventide on the Prairie	5
Out of the Night, the Angels' Song	6
Our Alien Immigrants	17
"The Holy City"	24
New Wine in New Bottles	29
The Valley of Dreams	32
"Above the Battle"	34
"Notes of an M.P."	37
The Trail-Maker	39

Foreword

IN turning over the leaves of an old volume of once-cherished poems, I came across a tiny pressed flower. It was a violet—faded now; its fragile leaves broken; no longer a thing of beauty. Yet for me it conjured up the green bank of a little creek in—what was then—Southern Assiniboia, and a sacred hour of struggle and victory and insight.

So each of these little sketches—I might almost call them “meditations”—recall hours that stand out from their busy fellows. That is all they have in common, written as they were under very diverse circumstances during a period of twenty years.

With something of a wistful feeling, I replaced the little violet where its once bright colors had slightly stained the yellowing page. Perhaps I should have replaced these articles among my dead files. They have little literary value. My life has been too crowded to permit of much time for the aesthetic or even the devotional. In this respect—for good or ill—I have shared the life of the people with whom and for whom I have worked. These souvenirs then, of earlier days, may have significance only for me.

FOR E W O R D

Yet, as they were published, a few friends expressed appreciation. "You have said what I felt but could not express"—this, perhaps, the only justification for throwing open one's doors to the public gaze.

Also, I think of my younger friends, at times wrestling Jacob-like throughout the long night. They may be encouraged by a word of comradeship and cheer.

So I send forth this little book as a greeting to those who can understand.

J. S. W.

Ottawa,

June, 1929.

For freedom, we know, is a thing that we have to conquer afresh for ourselves, every day, like love: and we are always losing freedom, just as we are always losing love, because, after each victory, we think we can settle down and enjoy it without further struggle. The battle of freedom is never done, and the field never quiet.

—Henry W. Nerinson.

Eventide on the Prairie

TWO or three weeks ago, in the absence of a priest, a child had been buried without any Christian service. The grave was now to be consecrated. Headed by the crucifix, the little procession moved slowly from the church to the grave—rough, sunburned men, kerchiefed women and little children. The grave—it was only the third in “God’s acre”—was marked by a rude wooden cross. The priest read the service and sprinkled the grave, then all knelt in a little group and chanted a hymn. It was a most touching scene—the little grave, the reverent spirit of the kneeling group, the subdued grief of the parents. A tiny child, escaped from his mother, patted gleefully the wooden cross. The chant was sweet and low, and seemed to dissolve as a smoke-wreath in the summer air. The wind stirred the long prairie grasses, a meadow-lark’s note rang across the fields, and the Western sun bathed the whole in a golden glow. It was the hour when the mystery of the prairie casts its spell upon its true sons. All heads were bowed low to receive the blessing. The great, rude tree with its cross-beam had been planted in the prairie soil. Death and Life were both there! Their spirits subdued, their faith strengthened, the little company departed quietly in the stillness of the evening.

—*The Missionary Outlook,*
September, 1908.

Out of the Night, the Angels' Song

A Rejected Christmas Article

(Christmas, 1914)

("We cannot but admire the candour of this contribution, and congratulate you on its literary value; yet there are some things which at this time a public journal may not do. The paragraph on the second page, were it published, would be credited to this journal. Even if we were inclined to accept its teachings as true, the time for expressing such an opinion does not seem to be now." *From the editorial letter of rejection.*)

BLACK as the night hang the war clouds; how can we sing the glad Christmas music? The enemy is at the gate; how can we celebrate the love-feast of the nations? Our home is filled with the sad wail of the mourners, how can we rejoice over the birth of the Prince of Peace?

We cannot. Yet out of the night comes the angels' song. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Down through the ages, God has never left Himself without witness. To the straining eyes there has appeared a light in the clouds; to the listening ears the whisper of a still, small voice; to the expectant heart the stirrings of a new glad hope.

OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE ANGELS' SONG

In the midst of the perpetual tribal warfare of an early age came a dream of the time when men should beat their swords into plowshares and learn war no more. That dream has appeared to men in all ages. It has so gripped men's imagination and conscience that the most warlike have died ignominiously rather than shed one drop of human blood. Witness the wild Indians, who, converted through the efforts of the Moravians, were massacred in 1782 by white men beyond the Ohio, or the fierce Don Cossacks who helped to form the Doukhobor community, and in 1895 burned their arms, and then quietly submitted to inhuman torture.

The dream has come to men even on the battlefield. During the Boer War, a British Officer looked into the trusting eyes of a little Dutch child. Something inexplicable happened. There fell from his eyes, "as it had been scales." Race prejudice melted away—a higher loyalty leapt full-grown into his heart. He ceased to be a mere Englishman; he had become a man. He ceased to be a commander; he had become even as his new-found friend, a little child.

The dream haunts even those who are more directly responsible for war. They justify war on the ground that it is necessary in order that there may be a permanent peace. We may doubt the logic, or the spiritual insight, or in some cases, the sincerity of such protestations; but their utterance is most significant. Even hypocrisy is a tribute to virtue, and truth once recognized will ultimately draw the most wayward to herself.

HOURS THAT STAND APART

The vision of a world brotherhood is the inspiration even of those who denounce the whole existing order. Anarchist and Socialist vie with one another in painting the glories of the ideal commonwealth. It is this appeal, rather than a programme of economic reforms that to-day binds together the world's workers.

"Is it a dream?
Nay, but the lack of a dream!
And, wanting this life's wealth and love
a dream
And all the world a dream!"

Yet, we are at war! At this Christmas-tide, as we catch a glimpse of the angel bands or hear for a brief moment the sweet notes of their heavenly music, there must surely arise unbidden in our hearts the confession of the prophet of old: "I am a man of unclean lips and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." Christendom at war! How far we are from the teaching and mind of the Master!

Even as our heads are bowed in contrition there comes the sweet message—"Peace on earth." In one glad exultant moment we know it is true—one day it will be. Nothing can stop it. Passionately we dedicate ourselves to the truth as it is flashed in upon us. A sense of awe, of weakness, of ultimate triumph—all are present in that moment.

Slowly down through the ages the glad message "wins its widening way." Each generation must learn the lessons of life. Advance is made by "painful steps and slow." Yet there is advance, all along the

OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE ANGELS' SONG

line. Humanitarian effort has never made such rapid progress as within the last few years. The neglected child, the dependent widow, the handicapped man, the sick, the poor, the stranger, the erring—never did these receive so much care and thought. Sympathy has overleaped the barriers of race and carried its helpful ministries to the ends of the earth.

Even in the midst of this awful carnage there is a tenderness hitherto unknown. Indeed, the sense of shock—the unthinkableness—of the war is the best indication that a new conscience has developed. The night is blacker because we have seen the light. And still in the darkness we hear the angels' song!

What is our duty in this crisis—what can we do? Each must answer for himself—each must be true to the light given him!

Many are going to the front or are supporting the war in the belief that in this way they may help to bring about the triumph of right and the reign of peace. Some of us have not so learned Christ, yet we dare not dogmatize. We confess that we walk with uncertain steps. We plead that no one demand of us absolute consistency—and yet we must bear witness to the truth as it is coming to us. To overcome militarism by physical force seems like attempting to cast out Beelzebub by the power of Beelzebub. To secure his own victory, Jesus refused to call out even the legions of angels that awaited his bidding. He, true to his teaching, could save his life only by losing it. Is the disciple above his Lord?

HOURS THAT STAND APART

At such a time as this, such teaching may seem utter foolishness, but it is at such a time as this that the teaching of Jesus should be fairly presented, and that we should frankly decide whether or not we are ready to follow Him—even in what may seem to the world at large foolishness—or worse.

But, however we may differ in our interpretation of the teaching of Jesus, or in our convictions as to personal duty, there are some things, it would seem, that we should all do.

We should keep our heads; we should try to be fair, even—if possible—in the midst of prejudice and passion. The Germans, who yesterday were leaders in science, and art, and literature and theology and social ethics, are not today fiends in human form. Either the whole world has been hypnotized, or the Germans are a progressive, kindly folk.

Ah! but the Kaiser, the war lords, Nietzsche, Bernhardi—they may be all that is pictured, but in our condemnation and in our attitude and in our policy must we not be very careful that we do not manifest the self-same spirit that we denounce in them?

More and more we must think not so much of the persons engaged in the war as of the causes that led to the war, and in our study of the causes we must get behind particular incidents to the great social and moral wrongs that inevitably lead to disaster.

These are our real foes rather than the Germans and the Austrians, and they are found not alone in the enemy's camp.

OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE ANGELS' SONG

A recent writer has said that the three things that make for war are, first—militarism; second, political autocracy; and third, commercialism. "The axe must be laid at the root of the tree—which are armaments, dynasties and exploitation." Surely a Herculean task! Yet the task allotted to the men and women of this generation.

We live not in a simple, individualistic state of society but in a highly organized social order. Individual virtue is inadequate. An individualistic religion was for an earlier age. The dawning "social conscience" still awaits the challenging appeal of a socialized religion. Christianity must leaven our business methods and organization, our political practices and institutions, and our national ideals and relations before we shall have permanent peace.

Progress has been slow. This war may hurl back the advance guard and delay the onward march. But even in this moment of dismay and confusion there is no reason for despair. God's own reserves are pressing forward to the rescue. When Elisha's servant saw the forces of the enemy—an host with horses and chariots—surrounding the city, he exclaimed "Alas, my master! How shall we do?" And the prophet answered—his words as sweet and assuring as a song out of the night—"Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." "And Elisha prayed, and said, 'Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see'. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw. And behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

H O U R S T H A T S T A N D A P A R T

"Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth
alone is strong,
And albeit she wanders outcast now, I see around
her throng
Troops of beautiful bright angels to enshield her
from all wrong:
Truth forever on the scaffold—wrong forever on
the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and behind
the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above His own."

Many are asking the question "After the war, what?" After her last great war, Germany, the victor, accepted the advice that the only way to keep down the vanquished enemy was to "bleed him white." Notwithstanding the failure of this policy, there are those among us who have caught up the phrase and urge that if the Allies are successful they should mete out the most drastic punishment. According to the *lex talionis*, that might seem a fitting procedure. But why perpetuate hatred and strife? Our turn would inevitably come next. The inexorable moral law still holds: "With what measure you mete it shall be measured to you again." Rather, at the time of settlement, may not a voice be heard, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Yes, even in the midst of the bitter strife and angry tumult, let that voice be heard:

"Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire;

OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE ANGELS' SONG

Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
O still, small voice of calm!"

Someone has called the war the eclipse of religion. Truly it is as black as night. At this Yule-tide, the time of home-coming,—the festive season,—with its trees and gifts and troops of happy children, we cannot but think of the broken family circle, the desecrated churches, the lost ideals. Even if our little fire burns brightly, there lurk in the shadows the forms of suffering men and mourning widows and the pinched faces of orphaned children.

On this winter's night, as the winds howl outside, we think of the shivering men in the trenches, and the cold, quiet forms on which the stars look pityingly down.

May there not be one day's truce?—One hour in which the nations of Christendom may confess the common hope—now blighted—but destined one day to grow into faith and blossom in love.

"Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain has rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man hears not
The love song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

"The promised time is hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,

HOURS THAT STAND APART

When with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing."

—Subsequently published in the
Winnipeg Labor Voice, February 19, 1915.

FOUR YEARS LATER

The war has gone on now for four years. As far back as 1906, I had been led to realize something of the horror and futility and wickedness of war. When the proposals were being made that Canada should assist in the naval defence of the Empire, I spoke and wrote against such a policy. Since the sudden outbreak of the war, there has been little opportunity to protest against participation in the war by our nation and our empire. However, as the war has progressed, I have protested against the curtailment of our liberties which is going on under the pressure of military necessity and the passions of war.

According to my understanding of economics and sociology, the war is the inevitable outcome of the existing social organization, with its undemocratic forms of government and competitive system of industry. For me, it is ignorance, or a closed mind, or camouflage, or hypocrisy, to solemnly assert that a murderer in Servia or the invasion of Belgium or the glaring injustices and horrible outrages are the causes of the war.

OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE ANGELS' SONG

Nor, through the war, do I see any way out of our difficulties. The devil of militarism cannot be driven out by the power of militarism without the successful nations themselves becoming militarized. Permanent peace can come only through the development of good-will. There is no redemptive power in physical force.

This brings me to the Christian point of view. For me, the teachings and spirit of Jesus are absolutely irreconcilable with the advocacy of war. Christianity may be an impossible idealism, but so long as I hold it, ever so unworthily, I must refuse, as far as may be, to participate in or to influence others to participate in war. When the policy of the State—whether that State may be nominally Christian or not—conflicts with my conception of right and wrong, then I must obey God rather than man. As a minister, I must proclaim the truth as it is revealed to me. I am not a pro-German, I am not lacking, I think, in patriotism; I trust that I am not a "slacker" or a coward. I had thought that, as a Christian minister, I was a messenger of the Prince of Peace.

The vast majority of the ministers and other church leaders seem to see things in an altogether different way. The churches have been turned into very effective recruiting agencies. A minister's success appears to be judged by the number of recruits in his church rather than by the number of converts. The position of the Church seems to be summed up in the words of a General Conference Officer—"We must win the war; nothing else matters." There is little dependence on spiritual forces. The so-called Prussian

24

HOURS THAT STAND APART

morality that might makes right, and that the end justifies the means, is preached in its application if not in theory. "Military necessity" is considered to cover a multitude of sins. Retaliation, specifically repudiated by Jesus, is advocated. Private murder, under certain conditions, is lauded. Pacifism is denounced as a vice. Love is tempered by hatred. . . .

—From my letter of resignation from the Christian ministry, Gibsons Landing, B.C., June 8, 1918.
Published in "*Following the Gleam*."

*"If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake?
No! True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear. . .
They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right. with two or three.*

—James Russell Lowell.

*To go on forever and fail and go on again,
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night,
That, somehow, the right is the right.*

—R. L. Stevenson.

Our Alien Immigrants

BEFORE the English and French in Canada had become thoroughly unified, a great wedge of foreigners has been driven into our community life. Race animosities, religious prejudices, language jealousies and social cleavages are already forcing us to realize something of the delicacy, the complexity and the difficulty of the problems which face us.

Ruthenian peasants just emerging from serfdom; Russian Doukhobors bent on maintaining their community life and ideals; sturdy Scandinavians from the remote valleys of Iceland or the quiet hamlets of Sweden; colonies of German Mennonites trekking from the Russian mires in another effort to obtain religious freedom; Italians and Greeks from their sunny valleys and vine-clad slopes; Jews seeking to escape the persecution and disabilities under which they labor in the Old World; Mormons gathered up from two continents and welded together in Utah; Chinese, Japanese, Hindus—and a score more strange groups are being ‘dumped,’ so to speak, into our Canadian communities and left to sort themselves as best they may.

What will be the outcome of this intermingling of races, languages, religions, and customs? How far shall we blend? Which element will predominate? Surely these are important questions for the eugenicist, the ethnologist, the statesman, the sociologist, the

HOURS THAT STAND APART

churchman, and not least of all, for the ordinary Canadian citizen and his children.

The coming of the immigrant has intensified and complicated the serious problems that would in any case have had to be solved in a young and developing country. Conditions in Canada are not static. Institutions have not yet been firmly established. The rapid expansion of business, the extensive construction work, the enormous influx of capital, the wild speculation, are all closely related to the immigration problem.

The shifting of the population from the rural districts to the cities, with the consequent danger of the creation of congested areas, called for wise and vigorous action. When thousands of immigrants from the slum districts of London and Liverpool, reinforced by hordes of European peasants, crowded into the poorer districts of our ill-planned and inefficiently administered cities, the situation, both from the sanitary and the moral standpoints, became intolerable.

The transition from the agricultural to the industrial stage has not been easy in any country. The presence of hundreds of thousands of newly arrived immigrants—the majority of them men in the prime of life—each, in his anxiety to get a start in the new land, willing to put up with any conditions however unfavourable, or to accept any wages however low, has made it extremely difficult to secure proper industrial standards. Sanitation, housing, safety, hours of labour, regularity of employment, industrial

O U R A L I E N I M M I G R A N T S

insurance and similar matters which are now acknowledged to be essential to the general welfare, have received scant consideration in Canada.

The "rural problem"—the overcoming of the isolation of rural life, the provision of greater social opportunities, the general adoption of the principles of scientific farming, the organization of co-operative enterprises, the adjustment of the agricultural industry to the demands of the modern commercial world, the re-direction of education—this many-sided and far-reaching problem becomes very formidable indeed when the country is being settled by newcomers who have not even a common language.

The establishment of sound and suitable public institutions, the development of high political ideals and a "social conscience" would not have been easy in a country which consisted of scattered communities of people trained in individualistic habits of thought and activity. The presence of alien and unassimilated elements has aggravated the difficulty and tended to retard the development of a sense of community fellowship, or corporate responsibility, and of devotion to a social ideal. The general indifference to the conduct of public affairs, the lack of adequate means for the expression of disinterested public opinion, the difficulty of united action, has afforded an opportunity for the baser elements to gain a position of influence that has degraded the public life and service of Canada.

Undoubtedly the immigrant has thus helped to create our problems—as, it should not be forgotten,

H O U R S T H A T S T A N D A P A R T

he has helped to create our wealth. It is not so clearly realized that the immigrant must help to solve these problems and may indeed take a foremost place in the bringing in of the better day.

The immigrants bring greater assets than we sometimes realize. Many of them have slender financial resources, but they are endowed with a capacity for patient industry. Not a few of them have skill and training in various crafts, and show boundless ambition.

The members of each nationality bring with them a rich and varied culture. Many a peasant, clad in sheep skins, possesses artistic abilities of no mean order. Our literature, our music and our art, let it not be forgotten, we owe largely to Europe. The immigrant comes to enrich and re-vitalize our cherished store.

Further, the immigrants are imbued with a reverence and a patriotism which we need in this new and commercialized country of ours. Through the centuries they have struggled for the liberty which we have largely inherited. They have kept alight the fires which in a materialistic American civilization burn but feebly. Perchance the immigrant has come to reinforce some of those institutions which were in danger. His coming is undoubtedly compelling us to make deeper and broader the foundations of our national life.

The problem after all is possibly not so much the problem of the immigrant as the problem of the Canadian.

O U R A L I E N I M M I G R A N T S

There is a danger that the immigrants may accept the lower rather than the higher things in our Canadian life. The immigrants as a rule come into contact with our least worthy institutions. They meet Canadians who, to say the least, are far from representing Canadian ideals. Canada, it must be remembered, is for the majority of the immigrants nothing more than the factory, the low-grade lodging house, the cheap show, and a narrowly restricted circle of interests.

In the case of the children of the immigrants, there is an added danger which is not generally recognized. The boys and girls, catching the prevailing attitude of contempt for "foreigners," come to despise their foreign-born parents. They fail to appreciate their excellent qualities. As far as possible they withdraw from and repudiate everything not Canadian—as they know Canada.

Just here is the tragedy of many an immigrant household. Here is the beginning of that irresponsible and unguided life which so frequently ends disastrously. We in our ignorance have done little to help. Too often our "Canadianizing" efforts have contributed directly to the undermining of the foundations on which alone true character is built. Destroy filial respect and reverence and love of the homeland, and what have we to work on?

We have in practice taken for granted that our standards were the only and final standards. If the immigrant has not in all points measured up to our standards we have considered him as an inferior. We

HOURS THAT STAND APART

have then attempted either somewhat arrogantly to assert our own superiority or set about with missionary zeal to make him conform to our type.

Some of the immigrants have been more concerned with making homes than with making money and we have called them unambitious. Some have given considerable time to participating in musical and dramatic performances, and we have called them shiftless and lazy. Some have clung to the religion of their fathers and to the associations of the homeland, and we have called them superstitious and unpatriotic. Some have wished their children to retain a knowledge of their mother tongue, and we have denounced them as reactionary and un-British.

This attitude, which has too frequently characterized the patriotic and religious efforts which we have made on behalf of the immigrant, accounts in no small measure for our failures. Let those who set out to "Canadianize and Christianize" the immigrants remember that there is room for other and perhaps higher Canadian types than those which predominate either on our streets or in our houses of parliament; that there is room, too, for other types of Christianity than those which prevail in Canada in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seventeen.

"God has many beasts," as a wise teacher once put the truth which we are emphasizing. In the garden of Allah grow many varieties of flowers—each perfect after its kind. All cannot be judged according to one standard. If ever we in Canada attain a national ideal, it must be big enough—catholic enough—to

OUR ALIEN IMMIGRANTS

give a place to the highest and best which each class of immigrant brings to this country.

More than missionaries we need interpreters—those who can mediate between the Canadian and the newcomer, who can present to the newcomer in an attractive light the best which we have developed in our social and national life and, on the other hand, can present sympathetically to the Canadian the needs and possibilities of those who are casting in their lot with us.

In our nation-building, plenty of good material lies ready to hand. We need the wise master-builders who, understanding the value of each class of material, can fit each piece into its place in the ever-enlarging structure.

—*The University Magazine,*

February, 1917.

*God send us men whose aim 'twill be,
Not to defend some worn-out creed,
But to live out the laws of Christ
In every thought, and word and deed.
God send us men alert and quick
His lofty precepts to translate,
Until the laws of Christ become
The laws and habits of the State.*

—F. H. Gillman.

“The Holy City”

A Twentieth Century Vision

IT was in Montreal. Throughout the evening I had been thinking and writing about the needs and possibilities of the city. Weary of “statistics” and “problems” and tired of sitting, I laid down my pen, put on my coat and hat and went out into the streets. Almost instinctively I took my way toward the Mountain. The drives were now deserted and quiet. I was alone with the night. I began to climb the long dark steps. Up and up—there is an exhilaration simply in climbing and one is always rewarded at the top. At last the great city lay below me. Its myriads of lights stretched away into the indistinctness of the enveloping night. The clouds had obscured the stars above me, but below was an inverted sky. In it the street lights shone through the slightly illuminated mist, like the brighter stars in the midst of the milky way. To make the illusion complete, the light of an occasional motor car flashing past a street-corner disappeared as a falling star.

Who could not dream? In Tennyson’s phrase, “I dipt into the future.” I saw Montreal a vast city, the metropolis of a country as populous as the United States. The city was ten times its present size—a

"T H E H O L Y C I T Y"

second London, stretching North and South and East and West, covering the Island and reaching beyond the rivers. The haunting music of the "Holy City" was in my ears. Then came back to me a sacred evening when, from the Mount of Olives, I had looked across to old Jerusalem. It was doubtless near the very spot from which Jesus had beheld the City and wept over it.

Two thousand years had passed—two thousand years of Christian teaching and effort—and still the people of Jerusalem were living in poverty and ignorance and vice. Had the work of Jesus then been a failure? No! His work had to be repeated by each of his disciples. His work had to be carried a step further—a step nearer completion—by each generation.

My thoughts came back from Palestine to my own land. I strained my eyes to see Montreal as the "Holy City". The great domes and towers, the warehouses and office buildings were concealed in the darkness, but everywhere gleamed the shiny pin-points that betokened ten thousand homes.

Yes, the "Holy City" would be a vast city of homes. There would not be tens of thousands of vacant lots held from the use of the people. Every family might possess a home of its own. In our Father's house are many mansions!

Then into my mind there came crowding the pictures of the poor homes in the city which I had visited a few days before. There was a wretched Italian home in a tenement; the rooms dark and ill-

H O U R S T H A T S T A N D A P A R T

"smelling, the windows kept closed to keep out the stench; the father had been unemployed for months, the mother was well-nigh discouraged, the children were surrounded by unwholesome influences; the little bambino in its wrappings had seemed the one ray of brightness, suggesting, as it did, the Christ-child of one of the Italian masters. There was the Jewish home where the father was shiftless; and the Russian home—street after street of wretchedness.

"I thought of the homeless men at the City Refuge—the old emaciated wrecks of humanity glad to find any shelter at the close of the day. Poor fellows—life had been too much for them. "Happy home life"—the phrase was for them a bit of mockery.

I remembered the bedraggled-looking woman whom the other evening I had noticed standing in a dusky doorway. As I passed, she had repeated to me cautiously one word: "Dear, Dear"—on her lips a terrible word—yet the pathos of it! For as I had hurried on along the dark streets I had thought of a happy home where that word carries a wealth of pure and unselfish love. I had thought of a little boy who puts on a manly stride and boasts, "I'm a father, too" and of his younger brother who echoes the boast, "I'm a fa'er, too." And I thought of two little girlies in white, tucked in their beds and awaiting a good-night kiss. How poverty-stricken this poor creature of the street, that she should stand on a cold night offering to the passing stranger the dregs of her womanhood!

In this city of homes, I thought I could discern the indistinct outlines of the work places of the future.

"T H E H O L Y C I T Y"

To these, men and women went forth in the morning, not like "dumb, driven cattle," but eagerly as the artist to his studio or the child to his play. They worked throughout the day, not as masters and slaves, not as jealous rivals, but as partners in a common enterprise. They co-operated freely and unselfishly under normal conditions as men now co-operate in times of intense excitement or crisis. They returned in the evening, each having contributed according to his ability to the welfare of the community; each, as a matter of course, enjoying his full share of the opportunities which the community afforded.

There were great buildings with domes and steeples that looked something like churches, and yet all the people seemed to frequent them for all sorts of purposes. They were common meeting-places. The earlier distinction between sacred and secular seemed to have no meaning. Formal "services," conducted by rival institutions, were replaced by the gathering together of congenial groups to discuss the further development and beautification of the city. "I saw no Temple therein"—the city itself was one vast temple.

The "vision" faded. The night was cold. As I descended the dark steps my view of the city became obscured. Soon I was walking along the pavement between the long rows of stone buildings. I had come down again to the lower levels and to ordinary life.

But still the "vision" lingers! In the midst of "statistics" and "problems" it sometimes presents itself, giving value to the statistics and throwing light

HOURS THAT STAND APART

upon the problems. For our supreme task is to make our dreams come true and to transform our city into the Holy City,—to make this land, in reality, "God's own country."

—*The Canadian Municipal Journal,*
August, 1916.

Men fight and lose the battle, and the thing they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes turns out to be not what they meant; and other men have to fight for what they meant, under another name.

—William Morris.

*If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools;
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools. . . .*

—Rudyard Kipling.

New Wine in New Bottles

(Written for the Winnipeg Labor Church, 1920)

A PRAYER

WE meet together as brothers and sisters of the one big family.

We confess that we have not yet learned to live together in love and unity. We have thought too much of our own interests and too little of the common welfare. We have enjoyed and even sought special privileges. Our own gain has often involved another's loss. We are heartily sorry for these, our misdoings; the memory of them is grievous unto us.

We acknowledge that we are still divided into alien groups separated from one another by barriers of language, race and nationality; by barriers of class and creed and custom. May we overcome prejudice. May we seek to find common ground. May we recognize the beauty in other types than our own. As we claim that our own convictions should be respected, so may we respect the convictions of others. May we grow in moral stature until we can join hands over the separating walls. May we enter into the joy of a common fellowship.

We have learned how imperfect is our knowledge, how narrow our vision. May we be willing to wel-

HOURS THAT STAND APART

come truth from whatever source it comes. May we endeavour to follow the truth at whatever cost.

We would remember that the things that are seen are temporal; that the things that are not seen are eternal. May we judge things by their spiritual values. May we estimate success by high standards and, in our own lives, reject the temptation of a low aim and easy attainment.

We would be wide in our sympathies and generous in our living. If we have more than others, may we accept our heavier responsibilities. We would extend to others that indulgence which we crave for ourselves.

We are grateful for the lives of all the wise and good who have made this world a better place in which to live. May we enter into their spirit and carry forward their work.

We pledge ourselves to united effort in establishing on the earth an era of justice and truth and love.

May our faces be toward the future. May we be children of the brighter and better day which even now is beginning to dawn. May we not impede, but rather co-operate with, the great spiritual forces, which, we believe, are impelling the world onward and upward.

*So then, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the fresh green sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings,
To the pure spirit, is a word of God.*

—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

NEW WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

"GRACE BEFORE MEAT"

WE are thankful for these and all the good things of life:

We recognize that they are a part of our common heritage and come to us through the efforts of our brothers and sisters the world over:

What we desire for ourselves, we wish for all:

To this end, may we take our share in the world's work and the world's struggles.

*These are the darkest years:
When the old forms of thought,
The old customs,
The old systems,
Are beaten at last to dust,
Soil for the world to be!*

—Anna Louise Strong.

*Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail!
Steer for the deep waters only.
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.
O daring joy, but safe! Are they not all the seas of
God?
O farther, farther, farther, sail!*

—Walt Whitman.

The Valley of Dreams

THE automobile road southward to Summerland, skirts the base of the tall clay cliffs that form the western boundary of the Okanagan lakes. The scene is one of rare beauty. There is some resemblance to the English lake country; yet this is more bare, more rugged, more extensive. In a bend in the road under overhanging trees, besides a hurrying brook, is a quaint structure known as the "Log Cabin." It is the headquarters of the local Branch of the British Columbia Art League.

Last night, seats were introduced into the Log Cabin and we listened to a most interesting lecture by Mrs. Carroll Aikins, on "The Future of Canadian Drama." She has been associated with her husband in his remarkable work at the Home Theatre, located at their fruit ranch at Naramata, just across the lake.

The interior of the Cabin presented a strange scene. Candles placed about the room revealed dimly the pottery and wood-carving on the tables along the walls, or the sketches and paintings and rugs that were hung on the rough-hewn logs. The lecturer and those who engaged in the subsequent discussion, showed an intimate knowledge of the theatre in New York, in London and on the Continent.

References to Greek drama; to contemporary developments in Soviet Russia; to Oriental mysticism;

T H E V A L L E Y O F D R E A M S

to primitive civilizations and radical modern theories, indicated a wide range of reading, and a catholic tolerance. We rubbed our eyes. Could this be in an out-of-the-way nook in the wilds of British Columbia? Yes, for did they not pass to a discussion of ways and means by which the Canadian Players could carry on their work here in this valley, and extend their influence throughout the country? If in Greece, why not in the Okanagan?

Again, this morning, we assembled under the trees in front of the Cabin for another session of our Summer School of Social Science. The New England philosophers needed no elaborate equipment: with them the ideal university was a real teacher on one end of a log and a real student on the other. So, a few industrial workers from the Coast and a member of Parliament, from the prairies, are joining with local fruit-growers and townpeople, in discussing the problems with which we find ourselves faced.

Is this a prophecy of the future? Or are these idle dreamers? For some of us, this log cabin in the woods, on the lake-shore, with a little brook hurrying by, becomes a symbol of the new era—nay, further, a token of its speedy coming!

—The Winnipeg *Tribune*,

September 11, 1923.

“Above The Battle”

ONE of my dreams has come true! I've been flying, and, even more wonderful, flying over the remarkable combinations afforded by Vancouver, of city and mountains and sea!

Thanks to the courtesy of Major Godfrey, I was offered the rare treat of a flight. In the stores-room we were out-fitted for our journey. Heavy coat and cap; close-fitting goggles; ears plugged and padded on account of the deafening roar of the propellers; then over all, a life-belt with a compressed-air attachment that might be of service "in case of a forced landing,"—which meant, in Western language, "in case we fell ker-flop into the salt-chuck." To a nervous person, the preparations would be as trying as the putting on of the black-cap preparatory to walking to the scaffold. I, however, climbed confidently into my seat, beside Captain Cowley. An engineer was in a little compartment in the bow—if that is the term to apply to the front-end of a flying-boat. We were shoved off into the water; the engine started; we shot over the surface; then, almost imperceptibly, began to ascend. The plane rose steadily. . . . Higher, and higher we flew. We were passing over Stanley Park. It didn't look far around it, and the lakes and open spaces stood out prominently.

From the ground, tall buildings show clearly; from the air, roads are most prominent. Hence the new service of camouflaging developed during the war.

"A B O V E T H E B A T T L E

On and on we rushed, at the rate of 50 to 70 miles an hour! In the air, as when swimming in the water, one must keep moving, or he goes down. We crossed the Inlet and flew up the North Arm. The great, green timbers seemed like a huge green carpet with a dotted design. We crossed an area where a forest fire was burning. Even a layman could see the value of an aeroplane. But why was the fire not brought under effective control? What magnificent views of the arm—rugged slopes and pretty islands!

* * *

On a little pad, fastened in front of us, the pilot was writing, keeping one hand on the steering wheel,—"Any place in particular you would like to go?" I read. Rushing through space, the world far below me, I felt as if some good fairy were offering me a magic ring that would open to me the world's treasures! I summoned up courage to make a request equal to the generosity of the offer. "To the mountains," I wrote. The pilot nodded and pointed to the Britannia range. We wheeled, and flew high above Point Atkinson, up Howe Sound. An indescribably magnificent panorama spread beneath us: The broad Fraser to the south; the Strait with Vancouver Island to the west; directly below, in the shining sea, Bowen and Keats and Gambier Islands. By row-boat or launch I had travelled around their shores. How compact they now seemed!

* * *

We began to climb. Even in the air one must climb and climb in circles. Anvil Island stood out boldly to the north. Now, at an altitude of 4,600

H O U R S T H A T S T A N D A P A R T

fet, we were up on a level with the mountain-tops and could look down on the deep-cut valleys and gashed mountain sides. Only mountain-climbers can appreciate the exhilaration of such views. There comes over one a sense of aloofness from the world—a sense of awe. In the midst of these mighty solitudes, one almost loses the ordinary consciousness of the limitations of time and space. If a distance of a mile makes the world's affairs look so small, what an infinitesimal value they must have in the economy of the universe!

The plane turned southward, and began to descend, tobogganed down over North Vancouver and the Inlet, hovered over the water-front and circled above the city. I looked over the edge, directly downward. The motor cars moved along the street like a funeral procession of cockroaches. People?—Yes, those fly-specks must be the people! Comical that these fly-specks should be so mightily concerned about their little aches and pains and the tiny bits of paper which they carried on their persons.

* * *

We flew low around Coal Harbour, and through the Inlet and across English Bay. We could have dropped into a row-boat off Siwash Rock. Ahead of us was the aerodrome. A man on the beach indicated where we should land. Very gently we slid on to the water and ran up to the beach.

"A little over an hour," said the pilot; but I, at least, had crowded months into that hour!

—The Winnipeg Tribune,

September 29, 1923.
[36]

"Notes of an M.P."

TO-NIGHT—Saturday—is the Drawing Room. This, with the formal Opening yesterday, accounts for the presence of so many wives and daughters. The Ottawa papers are crowded with photographs of "charming" young ladies who to-night make their formal entrance into Society (with a capital S).

The "Drawing Room" is the reception given by the Governor-General and Lady Byng, and is copied closely after that held by the King, in London. The function consists of a formal presentation to Their Excellencies, with the accompanying display and social intercourse. The local papers carry the tables of precedence, which are strictly observed. Dress is carefully prescribed. The elaborate gowns and jewels and brilliant uniforms certainly present a "blaze of color"—even in the highly-decorated Senate Chamber. How far the function is in keeping with democratic ideals, is another matter.

Certainly the social life of Ottawa is far removed from that of the majority of the Western members. In the corridors to-day, I noticed the wife of a newly-elected farmer-member. She wore a long, plain, stiff, black silk dress. She would not be ashamed to confess that she had worked hard all her life; indeed, she

HOURS THAT STAND APART

would be ashamed if she had not worked hard. What place is there for her in the gay life of Ottawa?

* * * *

The light laughter rings through the corridors as I write. I am not a misanthrope, but I cannot keep out of my mind the pictures of plain homes, in some of which there is a desperate struggle for mere existence. What is Ottawa to them? In some way, the Government has been removed too far away from the people, or was it ever thus? . . . No, I cannot get back to talking politics to-night! Before me lies a letter from a disheartened Cape Breton miner: "There are some 2,000 miners around Glace Bay, who are getting work from one to two days a week, and I suppose you know what that means—and that, after five months' strike." . . .

(Music floats up from the Senate Chamber)

. . . "The stomachs of the men, women and children demand prompt action, and I thought the Government might help."

Somehow the music and the miner's letter clash. I like music, but I wish the music would stop. Even my comfortable office is getting on my nerves! Hang it! I don't believe I was meant to be a politician!

—The Winnipeg Tribune,

January 23, 1926.

The Trail-Maker

THE world needs trail-makers. Last summer I spent a month in a little mountain town in the Rockies. For me, the most interesting individual in the community was Lawrence Grassi, an Italian miner. He came into public notice two years ago, when at great personal risk, he performed a feat of strength and skill in carrying an injured Alpine climber to safety. But, years before, he had been recognized in the community as being "different" from others about him.

In the course of a prolonged strike, instead of loafing about the village, he set off into the hills, axe on shoulder, to make trails to points of interest. It was a labour of love. He loved the mountains, but enjoyed having others share their beauties. So, day by day, he pushed through the bush, discovering the best ways of approach,—blazing the trail, cutting out the undergrowth, grubbing out stones and roots, bridging the little mountain streams, hollowing out a basin for a sulphur spring, erecting ladder-stairs over a difficult cliff, safe-guarding a dangerous precipice, placing seats on jutting lookouts that commanded a view of valley and falls, building a rude out-of-doors fireplace at a delightful camping-ground; even placing a serviceable raft on the little lake in the Pass so that the clearness and wonderful coloring of its water could be better appreciated: then cutting a zig-zag path

HOURS THAT STAND APART

up and up through grassy slopes and among huge boulders, and on, into the green timbers until it emerged on the pony trail at Whiteman's Pass!

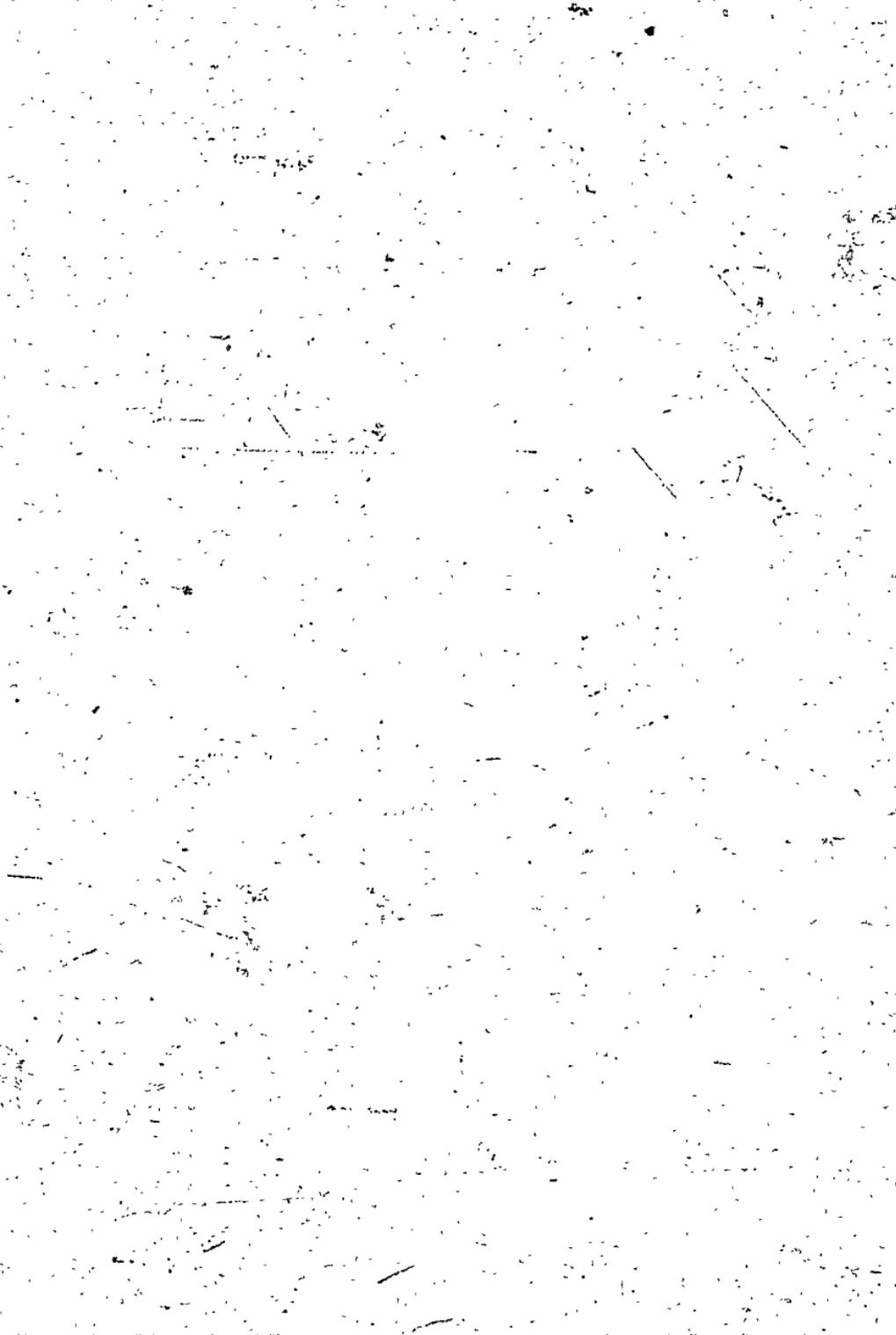
Again and again we climbed Grassi's trail—until Grassi became for us a symbol—and an inspiration. One day, my wife and I left our boys to play at the lakes. When we returned they had dammed up a little stream, making a tiny new lake. This they had cleared of branches and floating débris. For hours they had worked! As we approached, one of them called gaily, "We're Grassis in the making." Grassi had done more than build a trail; he had effectively taught a way of life.

The world needs Grassis. In the realm of the spirit, in the search after truth, in the field of social relationships, in economics, in politics, in international affairs, we need trail-makers—men who will seek new paths; make the rough places smooth; bridge the chasms that now prevent human progress; point the way to higher levels and loftier achievements.

We value the work of the map-makers and the historians who trace the course of the trails; but should we not reserve the highest honor for the rarely recognized hero,—the original trail-maker?

—*The Jewish Post,*

September 23, 1927.





The Time to Strike

*When my hot heart rose in rebellion at the wrongs my
fellows bore,
It was "wait until prudent saving has gathered you up a
store;"
And "wait till a higher station brings value in men's
eyes;"
And "wait till the grey-streaked hair shall argue your
counsel wise."*

*The hearts that kindled with mine are caught in the
self-same net;
One waits to master the law, though his heart strings
vibrate yet;
And one is heaping up learning, and many are heaping
up gold,
And some are fierce in the Forum, while slowly we all
wax old.*

*The rights of man are a byword; the bones are not yet
dust,
Of those who broke the shackles, and the shackles are not
yet rust,
Till the masters are forging new ones, and coward lips
are sealed;
While the code that cost a million lives is step by step
repealed*

*Whenever the weak and weary are ridden down by the
strong,
Whenever the voice of honor is drowned by the howling
throng,
Whenever the right pleads clearly, while the lords of life
are dumb,
The times of forbearance are over and the time to strike
is come.*

—William Herbert Carruth.

PUBLISHERS:
MUTUAL PRESS, LIMITED
OTTAWA
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY

